Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* houſe,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither muſt I and heere I leaue you ſir.

Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drinke before you go,
I thinke I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheere is toward. *Knock.*

Grem. They're buſie within, you were beſt knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beate downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within ſir?

Ped. He's within ſir, but not to be ſpoken withall.

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your ſelfe, he ſhall neede none ſo long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your ſonne was beloued in *Padua*: doe you heare ſir, to leaue friuolous circumſtances, I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is heere at the doore to ſpeake with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. I ſir, ſo his mother ſayes if I may beleeue her.

Petr. Why how now Gentleman: why this is flat knauerie to take vpon you an other mans name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to cozen ſome bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I haue ſeene them in the Church together, God ſend them good ſhipping: but who is heere? mine old Maſter *Vincentio*: now we are vndone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may chooſe Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no ſir: I could not forget you, for I neuer ſaw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What, you notorius villaine, didſt thou neuer ſee thy Miſtris father, *Vincentio*?

Bion.

Bion. What my worſhipfull old maſter? yes marry where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeede. *He beates Biondello.*

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will

Pedan. Help, ſonne, helpe Signior *Baptiſta.*

Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's ſtand aſide and ſee the controuerſie.

Enter Pedant with ſeruants, Baptiſta, Tranio.

Tra. Sir what are you that offer to beare my ſerua

Vinc. What am I ſir: nay what are you ſir: oh imm oh fine villaine, a ſilken doublet, a veluet hoſe, a and a paire of pataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: the good husband at home, my ſonne and my ſerua at the vniuerſitie.

Tra. How now what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you ſeeme a ſober ancient Gentleman by but your words ſhew you a mad man: why ſir, what c if I weare Pearle and gold: I thanke my good fathe to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in

Bap. You Miſtake ſir, you miſtake ſir, praie what d is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I ha him vp euer ſince he was three yeeres old, and his nam

Ped. Awaie, away mad aſſe, his name is *Lucentio* mine onelie ſonne and heire to the lands of me ſignior

Vin. *Lucentio*, oh he hath murdred his Maſter; I him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my ſonne, tell me thou villaine, where is my ſonne *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue t Father *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſee that he be forth com

Vinc. Carrie mee to the Iaile?

Gre. Staie officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talke not ſignior *Gremio*: I ſay he ſhall goe t

Gre. Take heede ſignior *Baptiſta*, leſt you be co this buſineſſe: I dare ſweare this is the right *Vincenti*

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'ſt,